

TREASURE FROM THE EARTH

Condition of Mother Lode Mining.

EXCELLENT ORE TAKEN FROM THE EUDORA

Sinking In Two-Compartment Shaft of the Dreismann—Unwatering the Mt. Pleasanton.

CALAVERAS COUNTY

Prospect: About five miles southeast of Valley Springs, across the Calaveras river, is the Slat Creek mine, owned by Edward Colville & Co. There is a two-stamp mill running on rich ore and the mill plates can be seen heavily charged with amalgam. The ore is of the same nature as the Royal mine and the vein can be traced about twelve miles, by the croppings showing at intervals. Along the vein are the Voto mine, the Alex Brown & Epperson, the Beckley, Tilford, Dean and others until the Royal is reached. The mineralogical character and geological formation is much the same and some of these mines in the future, by good management and proper facilities for working, may prove as lucrative to the owners as does the Royal.

Quite a large force of men is now at work on the Ghost mine, which has just been cleared of water. The mine will be put in the best possible shape for working.

Work on the Stevenot mine at Chaparral Hill is suspended for the present, and Mr. Stevenot has gone to Mariposa where he is consulting engineer on the Fersian mine.

Work at the Cross shaft is progressing favorably.

Citizen: Mining news is very scarce this week, the scarcity of water having compelled a cessation of active operation on many of the gravel mines in this section of the mining region. The mills with a good water supply are pounding away with the usual good results. Where mines have been closed down for the summer preparations are being made for the coming winter, and some big showings will be made when the rains again furnish an adequate water supply.

Work at the Demarest mine has been closed down on account of a scarcity of water. Operations will be resumed as soon as the rains come again.

At the Grand View gravel mine near Angels a new 50-horse power engine is being put in to run the six and ten-inch pumps, a large flow of water having been recently struck.

More prospecting than for a long time past is being done in the vicinity of Vallecito at the present time. Most of it is of a substantial nature and good results will no doubt follow.

In the Angels mine below the 700 level last week some very rich rock was struck as the work of sinking was going on. The ledge is 18 inches in width, and the ore was so rich that it was packed in boxes on the spot.

A crosscut in the Martha mine at Angels shows the vein to be from one and a half to seven feet in width, with much free gold in the central crosscut. The north cut is eighteen inches and shows much gold. The ledge is three feet in width in the south. The owners are developing as fast as possible.

Fourteen men are employed at the Oriole mine, at Angels, and the new rock is very satisfactory to the owners. Crosscutting is going on at the 400 level and at the same time a station is being cut at the 300 level.

Chronicle: The Eudora mine situated near the West Point bridge and owned by George J. Congdon is making a good showing as the work of development progresses. The tunnel is in 200 feet and at the end of it a winze is being sunk. The three-foot ledge is nearly all free milling, a portion of it being "shipping." The former has shown a yield of \$42 to the ton, the latter \$560. A shipment of the rebellious ore will be made on the 1st prox. Mr. Congdon intends to erect a mill upon the mine in the near future.

The Nixon and Tom Sawyer properties, situated just east of West Point and owned by R. W. Nixon and sons, are two of the best properties in West Point district. Considerable development work has been done and the ore ground in an arastra on the premises. There are two shafts on these properties, one 115 feet and the other 65 feet. The vein runs in width from one to twenty inches and the ore is very rich. While some of it can be successfully worked in the arastra, the greater part of it is "shipping" ore. The owners are pushing developments with a view to explore a junction of two veins which is believed to exist at a certain point and when this is accomplished it is believed that good results will be obtained.

The Matrimony mine adjoins the Blazing Star and is owned by J. S. Sherman. A tunnel has been run 450 feet to tap the vein and drain the shaft of its water. The vein is of a fair size and the ore will go \$100 to the ton—free milling.

The Gold Hill mine, located about two and a half miles east of West Point, has a shaft sunk to a depth of 80 feet, showing an eight inch lead between well defined walls. The ore is highly mineralized, carrying a good percentage of galena sulphurets. Selby's returns on the ore recently shipped there for reduction, shows that it paid \$250 to the ton, and from a quantity gathered up in a haphazard way from the dump, ore that had been cast aside as refuse, the yield was \$130 to the ton. The mine is idle at present, but Fred Nighardt, the owner, expects to resume operations soon.

TUOLUMNE COUNTY

New Era: Surface improvements are being made at the Chiquita preparatory

to a vigorous underground campaign. Up to date the mine looks a sure winner.

Superintendent Moorhead is concentrating all efforts at the Dreismann to sinking in the two-compartment shaft. Last night it had attained a total depth of 345 feet. Throughout the mine the quartz shows up strong both in quantity and quality.

At the Pearl, Mr. Tait's good thing in the Confidence district, the main shaft will probably reach the 100-foot mark to-morrow, from which point a crosscut will be driven to the vein, a distance of 30 feet, and then drifting and ore extraction will be in order, further sinking in the shaft being continued simultaneously. In the latter working five feet per day can be made.

The Kodak, on the west side of the north fork of the Tuolumne river and two miles south of Carters, has been secured on a bond by a strong San Francisco company from William Connolly, and last week work was started up on the property in dead earnest. A crosscut tunnel has been driven 70 feet and in 20 feet more driving in contact with the vein will have been effected. The ledge itself is a well defined body of quartz from five to seven feet wide that numerous tests show will mill from \$16 to \$20 per ton in free gold. There are about 50 tons of rock already on the dumps and 500 tons in sight in the various old workings. Some time ago Connolly sunk a shaft to the depth of 25 feet on the ledge, every foot of the way being in particularly good ore. The new company is credited with plenty of means and proposes to aggressively prosecute operations. The Kodak has already proved itself one of the best prospects in the district, besides bearing every indication of permanency.

Mother Lode: Billy Bingham has one of the finest prospects in the mountains, near the Confidence mine, and work is being prosecuted with vigor. A fourteen-foot ledge which shows free gold all the way across has been uncovered. Wm. Fass, the cigar drummer, and a Mr. Howles are interested with Mr. Bingham in the claim. Machinery will be put on to facilitate the work of development.

The Confidence has got to a point where the pay begins, and the company fully deserves a long season of prosperity for the faith they have shown in working so long at a loss. The new discoveries in this mine equal, if they do not exceed, the showing of early days. A big vein of ore covered all over with sparkling gold promises big dividends in the future. After a shutdown for repairs mine and mill will open up on an era of prosperity.

EL DORADO COUNTY.

Republican: Mr. Longfield is rapidly pushing the work forward on the tunnel at the Robin mine. It will be 350 feet long when completed. Andrew Johnson and Robert Atchison have been assisting in the work.

Mountain Democrat: J. H. Bradley, superintendent of the Omo mine, was a visitor in Fairplay a few days ago and stated that everything about that property was progressing satisfactorily, with a certainty of the ten-stamp mill starting up on the 23d instant.

At the Idaho mine, owned by Varozza, Reese & Roelke, the lower tunnel is in over 300 feet, with 100 feet yet to run to tap the lead. The property gives promise of being a good thing for the fortunate owners.

Nugget: At the Little Gem mine, near Volcanoville, three eight-hour shifts are steadily driving the tunnel ahead on the ledge from the 200-foot level.

Development work at the Alpine gold quartz mine near Georgetown is being steadily prosecuted. The shaft is now over one hundred feet in depth. A new pump was put in the shaft during the week.

The work of unwatering the Mt. Pleasant mine near Grizzly Flats, recently purchased by Brown Bros. of Oleta, is still being vigorously prosecuted. The mine is now free of water to the 600-foot level.

A number of men are steadily employed at the Clark gravel mine near this city blocking out a large body of gravel. Preparations are being made for the construction of a new mill on this well known property.

Work has been entirely suspended at the Esperanza mine, near Garden Valley, the property of the Garden Valley Gold Mining Company, and the mine is rapidly filling with water. The company is selling the machinery, with which the mine was splendidly equipped, as fast as possible.

The Boston and South Dakota Mining Company at Michigan Bluff are making extensive improvements at their mine. A new boarding house, office, and other necessary buildings have just been completed. The construction of a mill which will contain all modern improvements will commence. The latest appliances for extracting gravel will be installed. The company has 43 men on the payroll. Wm. Muir is superintendent.—Colfax Sentinel.

Died at Volcano. John Henry Richards died at Volcano Tuesday and was buried Wednesday. Deceased had been sick for some time and death was undoubtedly hastened by neglect. For several days he had lain on a blanket under an apple tree where he died. The day before he died parties went to the place and cleaned him, that he might be more comfortable. The next day he died, and was buried Wednesday.

Richards was a native of Maine, and aged about 65 years. He came to California nearly ten years ago, residing nearly all of that time in Volcano, and working as an engineer.

Native Daughters. Mrs. Mollie Folger will receive dues from members of Ursula Parlor, N. D.

G. W., at the postoffice, until lodge meetings are resumed.

DAISY V. LITTLEFIELD, President.

Subscribe for the LEDGER.

CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN

Amador City Boy Sustains a Broken Leg.

THE PIGEON CREEK SCHOOL HAS STARTED

People Leaving Canyon.—W. White, Formerly of French Creek Hurt in Arizona.

AMADOR CITY, July 31, 1900. Miss Laurel Lathleen of Sutter Creek was the guest of Miss Lillie Setzer Saturday.

Mr. Duulap has returned from his summer vacation and reports having had an enjoyable vacation. Willie Peters has returned to San Francisco, where he will continue his studies at the High School.

Miss Lillie Setzer visited friends in Sutter Sunday.

Miss Vannie McLaughlin of Volcano is the guest of Miss Mayme Hornberger.

Misses Hattie and Minnie Hinkson are spending their vacation with Mrs. Goodman, above Volcano.

Will Beskeen and friends, who spent a couple of weeks this summer in camping in the mountains, returned Friday evening.

Miss Genevieve Lynch returned to her home in Oakland, Tuesday, after several months' visit with her brothers at that place.

Yates Dickson, accompanied by his sister, Miss Edith, left this morning for Portland, Oregon.

The Bachelors entertained a few of their friends at the Amador Hotel last Saturday evening.

A surprise party was given Fred Beskeen last Saturday night at the home of his sister, Mrs. R. Bennetts. The evening was spent in playing games, etc., after which refreshments were served. It was not until a late hour that Fred bid his friends good night.

Richard Bennetts and Ben Honeychurch spent Sunday at Kennedy Flat. Miss Carsey Culbert is quite sick. It is feared that she has typhoid fever.

Miss Josie Mooney is spending a couple of weeks in the mountains.

Mr. Beskeen, an old resident of Amador City, returned to his home in Sacramento after a visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Noce of the Oneida spent Sunday in Amador.

Mrs. Clark and daughter, Elsie, of Sutter Creek, are the guests of Mrs. M. B. Church.

Ed Lynch is expected home to-night after a short visit with relatives in Oakland.

Walter Hartwick had his leg broken Monday while working at the South Spring Hill. Drs. Crowder and Freshman attended to the injured lad and it is thought he will do nicely.

Harry Morehead, Amador's young druggist, is visiting his parents at Berkeley. His many friends hope it is only to be a visit at Berkeley and that he may return among us soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Palmer, formerly of Amador, but who have been in Kern county for some months past, where Mr. Palmer has been engaged in mining, are expected home this evening. Their many friends are glad to hear of their return and hope they may stay with us for some time.

W. S. Williams, who has had the smallpox, is improving rapidly, and soon the quarantine will be lifted from the house and the occupants be free to entertain their friends.

Church services throughout the week as usual; preaching Sunday morning and evening by the pastor. E. LOIS.

AUKUM

A Game of Baseball at Omo Witnessed by a Large Crowd.

AUKUM, July 30, 1900. The Pigeon Creek school started Monday with Miss Annie Vogeli as teacher, everyone being pleased to get her back once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Wigglesworth, who have been on the sick list, are on the improve.

Maggie Slavich of Plymouth is the guest of Mary and Addie Billalal. Will Sharp and son, Johnnie, left here Saturday for Grizzly Flat, where they are engaged in making shakes.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hite, who has been quite sick for the past week, is slowly improving.

Mrs. Chester Perry and Mrs. Nute Perry, Mrs. Frankie Burns and Mrs. J. Crain were the guests of Mrs. Chas. Bell last Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. Green, who has been visiting Mrs. Jas. McNaughton for the past week, returned to her home at Big Canyon Sunday last.

Joe Speakman and V. M. Colt, the tombstone agent, passed through this place Thursday on their way to Fair Play.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sharp paid Plymouth a visit last Thursday.

Quite a crowd of young people from this place attended the baseball game at Omo Sunday.

George Crouson made a flying trip to Indian Diggins Saturday.

Chas. Bell had the misfortune to lose one of his best horses last week.

George Rhoades of Elk Grove, who has been visiting at Chas. Bell's for the past week, returned to his home last week.

NOME.

FROM PLYMOUTH.

A Reception Is Given In the Hall To Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Potter.

PLYMOUTH, July 31, 1900.

Mrs. C. Shields and daughter, Miss Blanche Bennett, who have been visiting friends in Oakland for the past two months, returned a week ago last Friday accompanied by Mr. Shields, who joined them about two weeks before.

Miss Alma Dugan, who was quite sick with tonsillitis, is convalescent.

Mrs. Warren and her granddaughter, Miss Lucy Rowe, have gone to

Pacific Grove to enjoy a month's outing.

Master George Pullch returned from Jackson a week ago last Saturday.

An interesting event of recent date is the marriage of our prominent and popular townsman, H. E. Potter, and a well known and highly esteemed young lady of Jackson, Miss Lola Parker. They were married at Auburn. On the evening of their arrival home they were serenaded by the band and a reception was held at the hall.

W. T. Jones is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mrs. A. J. Coster, after visiting in Plymouth and Sacramento for some time, returned Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Little left Wednesday morning for Lockford, San Joaquin county. SEQUOIA.

CANYON NEWS.

Walter White Badly Injured In An Arizona Mine.

CANYON, July 29, 1900. One by one everybody is going away, with the exception of the Vandalla miners.

Supt. E. T. Kane and family, and Mr. Metcalf have gone to Carters. Lawrence Poundstone has joined his father at Columbia, Calaveras county.

Anson Davies went to Angels, but 'phoned back that he was on his way to Arizona again.

John N. Becker is in Fresno county, engineer at the Blue Rock mine.

Mrs. Wm. McCuen is visiting in Los Angeles.

Geo. Ruoff has purchased McCuen's livery stable.

Word came a day or so ago that Walter White, of French Creek, who has been at Fortuna, Arizona, for some weeks, was seriously hurt in the mine at that place. The accident was caused by the skip getting away from the engineer. He will be brought home as soon as he is able to ride.

Mrs. W. A. Green is still visiting in Plymouth.

Mrs. Len Houx has returned from Placerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reeks and daughter, Beebe, of Nevada City, have been the guests of the latter's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Zerres.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baocigalupi have gone to San Andreas. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Zerres have moved into the former's house, which they have purchased.

Mr. James Nichols, book and picture agent, visited us a few days ago, delivering pictures and taking new orders.

Lawn and Laura White of Sacramento are guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hanley.

Hill Staver was welcomed back for a few days' visit not long since.

Miss Lorena Unstead of Sutter Creek has been the guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Ab Hale of the Fort Yuma, for some time.

Mrs. Frankie Richardson has gone to Angels.

Mrs. King Mars, of the Vandalla, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ed Roelke of Spanish Flat.

Edward Harrell of Pigeon Creek visited his mother, Mrs. John N. Becker, last week.

Mr. Johnnie Rice made a flying trip back to Big Canyon a few days ago, after his first departure.

It is very hard for some Canyonites to leave Big Canyon. The old place has some attraction after all that brings them back, although some will "never, never be coming back." Well, it is too bad that a good part of the attractiveness might be movable property, and when their belongings in the little lonesome camp is taken, they WILL never come back.

LAURA THERESA.

Shoulder Dislocated Twice.

Some two weeks ago an Italian miner in some manner dislocated his right shoulder at the Amador King mine near here, but the shoulder was put back in place without the aid of a physician. The shoulder seemed quite weak and was painful for some time.

Last Tuesday morning, while at work in the mine, the shoulder was again dislocated. The man was striking a drill and the motion gone through when striking heavily threw the shoulder, which had been weakened by the former dislocation, out of place. The man came to town and obtained medical attention.

State Fair of 1900. From September 3d to 15th the State Fair of 1900 will be in progress at Sacramento. There will be two weeks of running, trotting and racing.

There will be a grand display of fancy cattle, horses, swine, sheep, standard and fancy breeds of poultry, dogs and belgian hares.

There will be special amusements for each day and evening, and entertainment in endless variety has been arranged for.

For further particulars see their advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

Smallpox at Gwin Mine.

Ernest Taylor, of the Gwin mine, was declared ill with smallpox last Monday, but in a very mild form. That morning his mother, Mrs. B. F. Taylor, accompanied by her son, Walter, left for San Francisco, when, after an extended visit, Walter would have proceeded to Holt's school at Menlo Park, and resumed his studies on the 6th of this month, but upon being notified by telegraph of the sickness of Ernest, returned that evening.

Sold His Business. L. N. Keagle, who has been in the saloon business in Jackson for several years, sold all interest in the same to Frank Burgin this week. Mr. Keagle has built up a good business here, but at present business is quiet. He and his family will move from town.

A Land.

The undersigned, wish to extend our sincere thanks to the many kind people of Amador City and vicinity for their many kindnesses to us in our recent accident.

MRS. H. B. HINKSON, H. B. HINKSON, MRS. M. H. KNIGHT.

ACCIDENT AT SOUTH EUREKA

Two Miners Killed and Foreman Injured.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT STANDARD COMPANY'S DAM

Aged Workman Is Caught By a Falling Bank and the Next Morning Dies.

Last Saturday morning a fatal accident occurred in the South Eureka mine near Sutter Creek. Two Italian miners were killed and the foreman injured.

About 10:30 the men were at work in one of the stopes, repairing the works, and timbering. While proceeding thus a large body of rock fifty feet long, ten feet wide and about twenty feet deep gave way from the roof of the stope. One of the miners, Antonio Baldassari by name, was found at the far end of the cave crushed beyond recognition. His partner was buried under the mass of rock. Men crawled up the chute leading to the stope and dug up into the mass. Fortunately they struck the right spot and about 2 o'clock that afternoon the body of Abondio Gattaini was recovered. The floor of the stope was of a soft nature, but he too was crushed beyond recognition. He was found in a crouched position, every bone in his body being crushed. The foreman was slightly injured about the hip and body.

Both bodies were taken to Sutter Creek and prepared for burial. The funeral of Abondio Gattaini was held under the auspices of the Italian Benevolent Society, of which he was an honored member, last Monday.

The remains of Antonio Baldassari were embalmed and retained until the arrival of his brother from Colorado.

DEATH RESULTED.

An Employee of the Standard Company Fatally Injured.

Last Saturday there occurred to an employee of the Standard Electric Company an accident that proved fatal.

A company of men have been at work for some time, making an excavation for a large reservoir, at Tabebu's place seven miles from Jackson.

It was just before quitting time and at one end of the big dam John Beach and his partner had set off a blast.

The effect of the blast was not satisfactory as it tore a hole in the base of the bank without bringing down the whole thing as was expected. Beach's partner got a crowbar and got upon the bank, which was eight feet high, and tried to pry it down. Falling in this they both began to pick immediately under the bank. They had proceeded thus but a few minutes when the bank suddenly gave way, falling upon both men. Beach sustained a broken leg, and was badly crushed in the region of the kidneys, while his partner received only slight injuries.

The company's physician, Dr. Simmons of Sutter Creek, was hastily summoned, and proceeded with all haste to the place where the accident occurred, obtaining a fresh team in Jackson. Dr. Simmons found Beach in a critical condition and stayed with him until death relieved the patient of his suffering at 3 o'clock Sunday morning.

Sunday the body was brought to W. E. Kent's undertaking parlors in Jackson, where it was prepared for burial. The following day the remains were taken to San Andreas, the home of the deceased.

Deceased had lived for a number of years about four miles out of San Andreas, and leaves a wife and four children. He was a native of Germany.

DEATH OF JOHN STIVITCH.

Superintendent the Construction of His Final Resting Place.

John Stivitch, who for half a century had been a resident of Jackson, known to the people in this community as "Big John," passed into eternity last Friday night and was buried Sunday.

The deceased had been sick a long time, and was expecting death at any time. For fifty years he had lived here, and was worth several thousand dollars. His domestic life was simple, and he was very eccentric.

Some time ago he got the idea that he would design and superintend the construction of his final resting place. He made plans which were carried out to his satisfaction.

The grave is seven feet in depth and walls of concrete nearly eighteen inches in thickness, with an equal thickness of concrete on the bottom, lines this peculiar sepulchre.

The casket rested upon iron bars reaching across the grave a foot from the bottom. About eighteen inches from the top bars were placed across in the same manner. Over these bars, but the slab not having arrived in time, a heavy piece of zinc was substituted, which fitted snugly. Upon this has been placed a layer of concrete, and a slab of marble bearing the customary inscription will soon be in position.

His will provides \$800 for this work. Andrew Perovich, a nephew of the deceased, is the only relative here and is named as executor. We are informed that Stivitch left his nephew \$1000.

Stivitch was 75 years of age and a native of Austria.

John Grillo was in Jackson Wednesday, returning with a few luxuries in the way of tomatoes and watermelons, the first to be brought into Volcano this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Freeman were passengers on the incoming stage Monday evening.

People in and around Jackson, who have stock of any kind, have been filling their barns with hay this week. Hay around here is of a fair quality this year.

OUR PRESENT CONDITION.

Cases of Smallpox Rapidly Decreasing and Patients Convalescent.

Amador county has suffered severely from the many rumors and malicious articles which have been published by certain of our contemporaries, in which Jackson is imposed upon.

In regards to the quarantine measures that have been taken here, everything possible has been done to check the spreading of smallpox. Not only have the health officer and the other physicians and authorities done much to stamp out the disease, but the people have made unusual efforts toward that end. Dr. H. H. Look, a representative of the State Board of Health, and one of the ablest experts in the State on smallpox, said that although under great difficulties Jackson has sustained the best quarantine measures he has ever been called to investigate.

It is not right and it shows ignorance to criticize the actions of the authorities, when we know from personal observation that everything possible has been done, and done promptly. When threatened with a severe epidemic the State Board of Health was notified, and that body was asked to assist us, which they did. The disease has been well in hand since first discovered and most of the new cases have been in houses that are quarantined. Nurses were scarce and relatives were compelled to wait on the sick ones, thus bringing the whole family in contact with the disease, consequently there has been several cases in one family in a number of instances.

All of last week there was but one new case of smallpox reported. There has been but two deaths, one of which was indirect, there being a complication of diseases, and the other was caused by the patient encountering a draught.

The recently issued circulars give evidence as to the interest taken in the work by the authorities, and shows that they are making strenuous efforts for the extermination of the disease. If the citizens of our town consider these warnings useless, and do not heed the advice that has been offered, what, then, can be done? Can our Health Officer or authorities be condemned for the inactivity of the people, and the disinclination of our citizens to take advantage of these simple precautions, when it may possibly be a matter of life or death? No action is taken by our authorities that is not sanctioned by the leading citizens of the community. People who have, or who are even suspected of having come in contact with smallpox have not been out of town unless the necessary precautions have been taken.

"Are not the people entitled to know the truth of the matter"? Indeed, they are. The various towns of this county have been informed of the state of affairs in Jackson by the proper authorities, and in every instance their word has been doubted. This is wrong. The authorities are sworn to truthfulness and faithfulness in their official capacity, and have given out any information that has been asked for. For the benefit of those who are in doubt, an invitation has been extended to any reputable citizen or physician in the county to come to Jackson and he would be shown every case we have, but no one has taken advantage of it, not even the physicians of our neighboring towns

A UNIQUE CEREMONY.

Gloucester's Annual Funeral For Her Lost Fishermen.

With each returning February there is held in the ancient town of Gloucester, Mass., a ceremony solemn in motive, impressive in form and absolutely unique in origin and character. It is Gloucester's day of mourning for her sons who, during the preceding 12 months, have gone down to death on the distant fishing grounds. Headed by the clergy and community and by bereft relatives, the people of the town march in long and slow procession to the appointed place of meeting, where, during the remainder of the brief winter's day, in chant and prayer and formal addresses, the sorrow in which all share finds fitting and touching expression.

Everybody who lives in Gloucester is interested in the fishing industry, and so it falls out that the city's life is about equally made up of intervals of joy and sorrow. When summer opens, the general tone of public feeling is bright and hopeful, but at the end of the season, as the fishers come in, with news of half-mast, others bearing faithful news, the whole town is depressed.

All the residents show a concern in the sailors who are lost and in the welfare of their families. Even the citizens of fortune in Gloucester, who suffer no personal bereavement, have been brought closely into touch with the poor fishing families through repeated tragedies at sea. The scenes in the fishing quarters during the late fall and winter months, when news of death is brought by almost every returning boat, are most pathetic. Sometimes the news comes with a shock; at others, wives and children wait for weeks in anxiety, and never know the details of the fate of their loved ones.—Truth.

TRAPPED BY LETTER.

Evildoers Are All Anxious to Hear From the Women They Love.

"It is queer what risks some men will take to get a letter from a woman they love," said an official of the general delivery department of the post-office. Criminals who can be found in no other way are often arrested when they call for mail at the general delivery window. Generally the men call for letters written by some woman.

"Along close to the holidays last year a Pinkerton detective came to the office and waited for three days and nights for a man wanted in the east. The detective knew that before the murder he was accused of committing the man had corresponded with a woman in the east. The detective had been waiting three days, when he received word to go to Columbus, O., as there was a letter at that office for the man. He went and had not been there long when the man made his appearance. The detective arrested him at once and proceeded to Cleveland, where the prisoner was tried and sentenced to death.

"Another instance was where not long ago the authorities were looking for a man accused of committing some crime and had no clue at all as to where he was. So every postoffice in the country was sent word to look out for a letter for that man. Some time after one came to our office, and we at once notified the authorities. A detective came on immediately, and when the man asked for his mail he was at once arrested."—Indianapolis News.

Alex Surprised Them.
Alexander MacArthur, author of a successful study of life in the Latin quarter of Paris, which brought to the writer both popularity and profit, is also the pupil and biographer of Rubinstein. The author lived for two years in St. Petersburg, corresponding for the London press and taking part in some thrilling adventures, but the most singular of the writer's experiences happened in Chicago after the novel had been brought out by a publisher of that city. The book had been so successful that the publisher decided to give the author a dinner, to which a dozen of the leading men of letters in the lake city were invited. The guests had assembled when the author was announced.

Through the blue haze of smoke there appeared a handsome young woman attired in evening dress. "We are expecting Mr. MacArthur," said the host, "Mr. Alexander MacArthur, the novelist."

"So I understand," returned the unexpected guest. "I am Alexander MacArthur."

"You?" gasped the publisher. "Yes. Didn't you know? I am Lilian MacArthur, at your service. I have been writing over the name of Alexander ever since I left my home in Dublin."

It was only the work of a minute to rearrange matters, and the dinner was a great success.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Captain's Distinction.
On one of "Old Hoss" Hoye's trips across the Atlantic the steamer, moving slowly along in a dense fog at about 3 o'clock in the morning, struck on the rocks off Fastnet, the light not being visible. Fortunately, nothing more than a scare for the passengers resulted. Everybody was soon on deck except Hoye, who had been having a hilarious time the night before and had slept all through the trouble. One of his friends sent a steward for him, and at last he appeared, still a trifle befogged. When the facts were explained to him, he joined fervidly in an impromptu praise service which the passengers were holding.

Finally there came a lull in the proceedings, and "Old Hoss" took advantage of it to propose three cheers and a tiger for the captain. This proposition caused much astonishment, and some one ventured to ask on what grounds he based the proposed honor to the captain.

"Drawing himself up to his full height, 'Old Hoss' replied impressively, 'On the ground that he is the only man sailing the Atlantic ocean who could have hit that infernal rock without a fight!'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Same Thing.
At a woman's enquiry the other day one of the fair players stopped the game with this query: "What do they call a little black cat in England?"

A number of the members had been in England, but they all had to give it up.

The riddle maker smiled sweetly as she trumped her partner's ace in true traditional style.

"Can't guess? Why, 'kitty, kitty'—just the same as any other cat."—New York Mail and Express.

Chinese streets are the narrowest in the world. Some of them are only three feet wide.

She Made It Like Strach.

It is true that in Ireland, with the spirit of natural knowledge and improved medical aid, "cures" and superstitions are on the wane, but still "the mistress' bottle" is much preferred to the doctor's, and the advice of a "lucky woman" is of much higher value than that of an M. D. Apart from the medical knowledge required, it is no light matter to undertake to prescribe for one's neighbors, as the following will show:

"It's a pity to y'r honor, I'm come to for a bottle," said an old woman.

"I was tuk that had last night I thought the life 'ud lave me."

After due inquiry into her symptoms she was given a packet of arrowroot, with minute directions how to prepare it. As she scarcely seemed to take them in, a happy thought struck the lady. "You know how to make strach, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes," said the old woman.

"Then make it just like that," said her friend, "and add a little sugar to it."

The old woman departed, to return next day with the information that she was like to die after atin what Miss Norah gave her, and, with all due respect to her, she couldn't get it all down; it wint so aginst her.

She was requested to bring what remained for inspection, which revealed that the directions as to starch had been literally carried out. She had put blue in it.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Forest of Fontainebleau.

"We spent the night in Barbizon, paid a goodly bill and set off in the company of our English friends for the town of Fontainebleau, lying at the center of 50 square miles of forest," writes a girl from Paris to The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is never wild, never mysterious, this forest that thousands of artists have loved to paint, but it is calm and grand and never tedious.

For eight hours we wandered over plains covered with towering oaks, among rocky gorges, out of which slender, graceful beeches rise, and through miles of fragrant, giant pines. And everywhere are feathery ferns and purple heather.

"There is not the slightest chance of losing one's way. Every square inch of the forest has been mapped out, and at the intersection of every two avenues a red hand points to the town, and a blue hand indicates the direction of one of the 'lightes' and 'Fountain'." We saw only the palace, a bewildering maze of magnificent rooms. Everywhere there was richness, everywhere wonderful frescoes, wonderful stairways, wonderful tapestry, wonderful inlaid furniture. The grandeur is oppressive, and we were glad to get out into the park, to wander about in the different courts."

A "Practical" Joke.

An Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about 25 feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top.

Pat looked cautiously round and saw that no one was near, then took off his hat and coat and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes and waited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed he was at the bottom of the excavation.

Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the eager citizens had reached the bottom and were wondering where the body was Pat came walking out of the bushes and good naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job.

Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow of anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.—London Answers.

The Eskimo's Liver.

Does every one know in what notable physical particulars the Eskimo differs from the average man? It will be remembered that half a dozen or more Eskimo came to New York from the arctic zone with one of Lieutenant Peary's homing parties. Most of them died presently of pneumonia, to the distress and somewhat to the indignation of the public. Of several of them careful autopsies were made, and not a word to the excitement of our medical world, it was discovered that the Eskimo intestine was about four feet shorter than ours is, and that his liver was not shaped like what we have been used to call a human liver, but was more like that of a dog. The Eskimo, apparently, is so constructed that he can live and thrive under such conditions and on such a diet as he can command at home.—Harper's Weekly.

That Coal Scuttle.
In these days when so many excuses are used to obtain entrance to dwelling houses and burglars carry off everything possible it is as well to be careful. Therefore when a servant recently informed her mistress that a strange man had called and said that he had come to "measure for a coal scuttle" the mistress was naturally alarmed.

The man came again the following evening, bringing with him the coal scuttle, and then it appeared that he had come to put in an electric wire and box for messenger service. What he really meant to tell the servant in the first place was that he had come to measure for the "coal box." He had apparently broadened it into "coal box," and the servant had repeated it as "coal scuttle."—New York Mail and Express.

A Long Wait.
Thomas Nelson Page's entrance into literature was discouraging. He sent the short story called "Marse Chan" to The Century. It was accepted. Then Page waited, just waited. Six years later the tale was printed. It made a hit, and after that things came easily.—New York World.

Food Plants.
A wonderful reserve fund for the human appetite is to be found in the vegetable diet of the Klamath Indians. A novel variety of food, forming a menu unknown to the civilized, is offered in the pulp of the great yellow water lily, which is converted into a farinaceous food; in the weed known as goosefoot, which bears a black seed that is ground up for leaves and cakes, and in the arrowweed, which in the fall develops a starchy white tuber at the end of the roots.

Not a Bribe.
"You say," pursued the chairman of the legislative investigating committee, "that he resorted to no bribery whatever during the campaign, so far as you know?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness; "that is what I said."

"Did he not circulate several boxes of cigars?"

"Yes, sir, but they cigars wasn't bribes. Here's one of 'em. You can try it!"—Chicago Tribune.

His Own.
Ostend (reading a book of poems)—Pa, when was the romantic age?

Pa.—When I was 20, Ostend.—Chicago News.

He Apologized.
International courtesies are to be observed even in irreputable professions. Josiah Flynt, who has shared the company of tramps in order to procure data as to their methods of living, relates an instance of true politeness from one of that unsavory brotherhood. He says in "Tramping With Tramps":

"In Glasgow a fellow vagabond did me a good turn. We were walking along the street, when three town tramps came along and 'guyed' my hat. My companion noticed it, and I told him I had suffered in that way before. Then he turned sharply about on the scoundrels and thundered out:

"'Where you lookin' at? Ef you're tryin' to guy this Yank, you'd better stop! Ef you don't, there'll be a fight!'"

"Let's run," said I, "if you really mean that."

"Not much! I'm English, you know, and I can knock out any Scotchman that comes round. I'm in the mood for it right now."

"The town vagabonds took him at his word and left. Then I said to him, 'You English fellows seem to have things pretty much your own way here.'"

"Yes," said he; "We English fellows know how to bluff. We've been bluffing the world now for a good many years."

"You forget the United States!" I could not help interjecting.

"Beg pardon, Yank," said he. "Beg pardon!"

Decisive Man.
Two men were standing together in a postoffice. One of them happened to notice that a postcard held in the fingers of the other was addressed to the holder.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked. "Do you address letters to yourself?"

"In this case, yes," was the answer. "That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side."

He held it up, and the other side read: "Brother Blank—There will be a meeting of the I. O. O. S. B. No. 287, at the hall tonight to transact special business. Members not present will be fined \$10. J. B. secretary."

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Unexpected Opposition.
While Lord Kitchener was engaged in suppressing the Prieska rebellion he ordered the destruction of a certain farmhouse. Not seeing any signs of his orders being carried out, he rode over with his staff and found an interesting situation.

In the doorway of the doomed farmhouse stood a pretty young Dutch girl, her hands clasping the doorposts and her eyes flashing fire from beneath her dainty sunbonnet. The Irish sergeant in charge of the party of destruction was vainly endeavoring to persuade her to let them pass in, but to all his blandishments of "Arrah darlint, wisha now, acushla," etc., the maiden turned a deaf ear, and a deadlock prevailed.

Kitchener's sharp "What's this?" put a climax to the scene.

The girl evidently guessed that this was the dreaded chief of staff, and her lips trembled in spite of herself.

Kitchener gazed sourly at her, standing bravely though tearfully there, and turned to his military secretary. "Put down," he growled, "that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm could not be carried out owing to unexpected opposition. Forward, gentlemen!"—London News.

Advantages of Yawning.
"Not only is it healthy to yawn," says a French physician, "but artificial yawning should be resorted to in cases of sore throat, buzzing of the ears, catarrh and like trouble." It is said to be as efficacious in its way as gargling the throat, with which process it should be combined.

"Friends are always ridy to push ye up," said the janitor philosopher, "but very few av thim will put a sither bid under ye whin ye fall."—Chicago News.

Selfish Edward III.
King Edward III of England was a great epicure, but a selfish one. While he gorged himself with a multitude of courses and dishes, he forbade his servants eating meat or fish more than once a day and ordained by law that none of his subjects should have at dinner or supper more than two courses nor above three dishes for each course.

It Has Been Done.
"Do you suppose that any sort of cultivation can change a fruit tree into a nut tree?" asked Cawker.

"It should think not," replied Cumso.

"But see how the jokers have changed George Washington's cherry tree into a chestnut!"—Harper's Bazar.

Or a Trifle.
"Seven dollars and fifty cents for a book like that!" exclaimed the young man, putting his purse back in his pocket. "Why, that costs like sin!"

"My young friend," said the elderly book agent, "there is nothing that costs like sin!"—Chicago Tribune.

Geological Time.
An ingenious theory for the estimation of the time of the various geological periods has been propounded by an engineer whose work on western railroads takes him into primitive countries. He says that in one great depression in Wyoming the trees have been recording the rate of erosion of the slopes for about 300 years so accurately that the data to be obtained by a careful study of them will be a factor of extreme importance to enabling scientists to convert geological time into years. While he has not yet had time to collect those data properly, he makes the rough deduction that, according to their records the pliocene and pleistocene periods would represent about 1,500,000 years, and that, on this basis, the cenozoic time would be about 4,000,000 years. This would mean that all geological time from the beginning of the Cambrian epoch would be 54,000,000 years.

His Own.
Ostend (reading a book of poems)—Pa, when was the romantic age?

Pa.—When I was 20, Ostend.—Chicago News.

A MEMORY OF BROOK FARM.

Hawthorne in a Pillow Fight With Two Girls.

I do not recollect Hawthorne's talking much at the table, says Mrs. Ora Gannett Sedgwick in The Atlantic in "A Girl of Sixteen at Brook Farm." Indeed it was a very taciturn man. One day, tired of seeing him sitting immovable on the sofa in the hall, as I was learning some verses to recite at the evening class for recitation formed by Charles A. Dana, I darily took my book, pushed it into his hands and said, "Will you hear my poetry, Mr. Hawthorne?"

He gave me a sidelong glance from his very shy eyes, took the book and most kindly heard me. After that he was on the sofa every week to hear me recite.

He was one evening alone in the hall, sitting on a chair at the farther end, when my roommate, Ellen Slade, and myself were going up stairs. She whispered to me, "Let's throw the sofa pillows at Mr. Hawthorne." Reaching over the banisters, we each took a cushion and threw it. Quick as a flash he put out his hand, seized a broom that was hanging near him, waved off our cushions and threw them back with sure aim. As fast as we could with effect, hitting us every time, while we could hit only the broom. He must have been very quick in his movements. Through it all not a word was spoken. We laughed and laughed, and his eyes shone and twinkled like stars with laughter. Wonderful eyes they were, and when anything witty was said I always looked quickly at Mr. Hawthorne. For I was sure that he was lighted up as if flames were suddenly kindled behind him, and then the smile came down to his lips.

We laughed merrily and went off to bed, vanquished, without a word. I suppose Mr. Hawthorne's face must have worn that wonderful smile, which always seemed suddenly kindled behind his eyes, twinkled there for a second and then ran swiftly over his intensely grave face.

Curious Historical Document.
The charter in which the church was first granted tithes in England is a curious historical document. A literal translation follows: "King of the West Saxons, for I want to go out of an evening, I direct one of these cards to my house. I reach home, and my wife hands it to me with a sigh. I offer to stay home and stand the fine of two guineas, but of course she won't allow that. That's all, my friend, except that the scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and the poor, deluded wives haven't tumbled to it yet."

He held it up, and the other side read: "Brother Blank—There will be a meeting of the I. O. O. S. B. No. 287, at the hall tonight to transact special business. Members not present will be fined \$10. J. B. secretary."

"Yes, but I don't exactly catch on," protested the innocent.

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